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1



mus 569.1



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MUSIC LIBRARY





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# Socialist Songs



# SOCIALIST SONGS

WITH MUSIC

COMPILED BY

CHARLES H. KERR



CHICAGO

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY

56 FIFTH AVENUE

1901.



## Index of Titles and First Lines.

	No.		No.
ALL FOR THE CAUSE .....	9	Ninety and Nine, The.....	20
Arise, Ye Prisoners of Starvation.....	2	No Master.....	17
At First I Prayed for Light.....	11	Now Sound Ye Forth with Trumpet Tone.....	26
Come, Brothers, Raise a Hearty Song.....	23	O Nation Strong and Great.....	13
Come, Comrades, Come, Your Glasses Clink. 6		Onward, Brothers, March Still Onward.....	16
Day-Dawn.....	23	Out of the Dark the Circling Sphere.....	1
Day of the Lord, The.....	24	Prayer-Answer.....	11
Fatherhood of God, The.....	26	Raise Your Voices, Comrades.....	19
Hark, the Battle-Cry is Ringing!.....	4	Rallying Song .....	28
Harvest-Hymn.....	25	Saith Man to Man, We've Heard and Known.....	17
Hear a Word, a Word in Season.....	9	The Day of the Lord is at Hand.....	24
Hope of the Ages, The.....	3	There are Ninety and Nine that Work and Die.....	29
Hymn of the Tollers.....	13	There's a Future in Store for the Tollers.....	7
If You Dam Up the River of Progress.....	3	There's Light Upon the Corn-field.....	25
I Heard Men Saying, Leave Hope and Praying.....	18	Tollers, Arise, the Long, Long Night is Over.....	20
In Our Poverty and Toil.....	27	True Freedom.....	14
International Party, The.....	2	Voice of Toil, The.....	18
Jubilee of Labor, The .....	19	What Ho! My Lads, the Time is Ripe.....	15
Life of Ages, Richly Poured.....	5	What Is This, the Sound and Rumour.....	8
March, March, Comrades All!.....	22	Workers of England, Why Crouch Ye Like Cravens.....	12
March of the Workers, The.....	8	Ye Are Weary, O My Brothers.....	23
Marching Song.....	27	Ye Sons of Toil, Awake to Glory.....	10
Marseillaise, The.....	10	Your Work, My Work.....	7
Men of the People, Ye Who Say.....	21		
Men Whose Boast it is That Ye.....	14		

### PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

This book is a first attempt at bringing together a collection of Socialist Songs with music for the use of American Socialists. This will explain many of the most serious defects that will doubtless appear in it, and it will also explain the fact that we have had to borrow more than half our songs from our English comrades. The words and music of numbers 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 12, 14, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 and 26, and the words of numbers 15, 16 and 17 are taken from the admirable book entitled "Chants of Labor" compiled by Edward Carpenter and published by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., of London. The remainder are drawn from various sources, only a few being original. We American Socialists are only beginning to sing.

It is the hope of the publishers to enlarge and improve this book at some future time, and suggestions from comrades using it will be welcome.

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Mus 569.1

*Wolcott fund.*

# Socialist Songs With Music.

## No. 1. Out of the Dark.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

ZEUNER.

1. Out of the dark the circling sphere Is round-ing on - ward  
2. And Hope, that lights her fade-less fires, And Faith, that shines, a

to the light; We see not yet the full day  
heav'n - ly will, And Love, that cour - age re - in -

here, But we do see the pal - ing night;  
spires, — These stars have been a - bove us still.

- 3 O sentinels! whose tread we heard,  
Through long hours when we could not see,  
Pause now; exchange with cheer the word, —  
The unchanging watchword, Liberty!
- 4 Look backward, how much has been won!  
Look round, how much is yet to win!  
The watches of the night are done;  
The watches of the day begin.
- 5 O Thou, whose mighty patience holds  
The night and day alike in view,  
Thy will our dearest hope enfolds:  
O keep us steadfast, patient, true!

## No. 2. The International Party.

French Words by EUGENE POTTIER.

Translated by CHARLES H. KERR.

1. A-rise, ye pris'ners of star-va-tion! A-rise, ye wretched of the earth,  
2. We want no condescending sav-iors, To rule us from a judgment hall,

For justice thunders con-dem-na-tion, A bet-ter world's in birth.  
We workers ask not for their fa-vors; Let us con-sult for all.


No more tradition's chains shall bind us, Arise, ye slaves! no more in thrall!  
To make the thief disgorge his boo ty, To free the spir-it from its cell,

The earth shall rise on new foundations, We have been naught, we shall be all.  
We must ourselves decide our du-ty, We must de-cide and do it well.

### REFRAIN.

'Tis the fi-nal con-flict, Let each stand in his place,  
*C'est la lut-te fi-na-le Grou-pons-nous et de-main,*

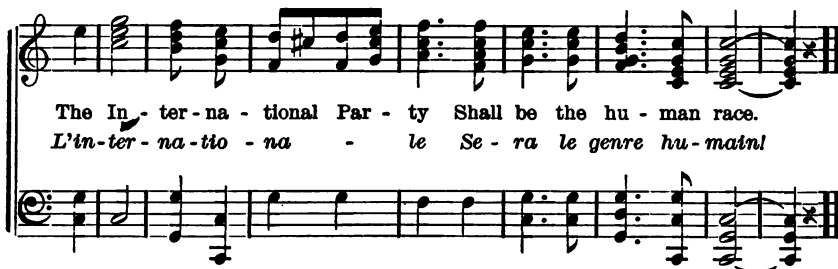
## The International Party. Concluded.



The In - ter - na - tional Par - ty Shall be the hu - man race.  
*L'in - ter - na - tio na - le Se - ra le genre hu - main!*



'Tis the fi - nal con - flict, Let each stand in his place,  
*C'est la lut - te . fi - na - le, Grou-pons-nous et de - main,*



The In - ter - na - tional Par - ty Shall be the hu - man race.  
*L'in - ter - na - tio - na - le Se - ra le genre hu - main!*

3

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
 Taxation drains the victim's blood;  
 The rich are free from obligations,  
 The laws the poor delude.

Too long we've languished in subjection,

Equality has other laws:  
 "No rights," says she, without their duties,  
 No claims on equals without cause."

4

Behold them seated in their glory,  
 The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
 What have you read in all their story,  
 But how they plundered toil?

Fruits of the people's work are buried  
 In the strong coffers of a few;  
 In voting for their restitution  
 The men will only ask their due.

5

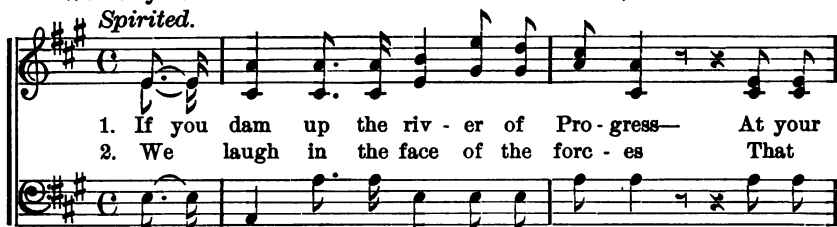
Tollers from shops and fields united,  
 The party we of all who work;  
 The earth belongs to us the people,  
 No room here for the shirk.  
 How many on our flesh have fattened!  
 But if the noisome birds of prey  
 Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
 The blessed sunlight still will stay.

### No. 3. The Hope of the Ages.

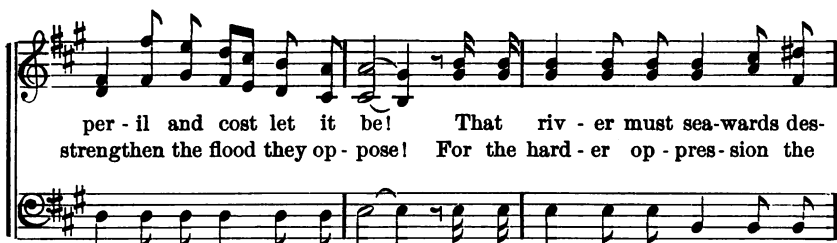
Words by E. NESBIT.

AIR—Red, White and Blue.

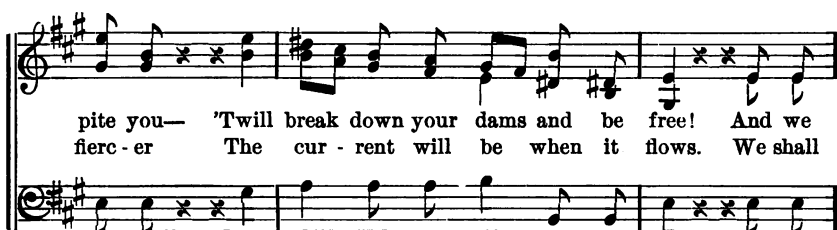
*Spirited.*



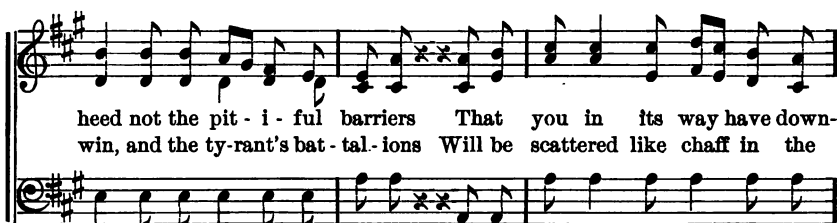
1. If you dam up the riv - er of Pro - gress— At your  
2. We laugh in the face of the forc - es That



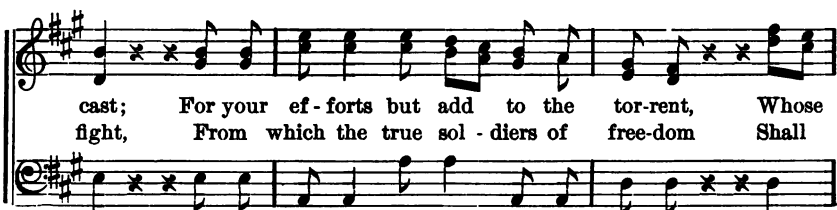
per - il and cost let it be! That riv - er must sea-wards des-  
strengthen the flood they op - pose! For the hard - er op - pres - sion the



pite you— 'Twill break down your dams and be free! And we  
fierc - er The cur - rent will be when it flows. We shall



heed not the pit - i - ful barriers That you in its way have down-  
win, and the ty-rant's bat - tal - ions Will be scattered like chaff in the



cast; For your ef - forts but add to the tor-rent, Whose  
fight, From which the true sol - diers of free-dom Shall

## The Hope of the Ages. Concluded.

The musical score is written for a two-part setting, likely soprano and bass, in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing on both staves of a system. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests marked with 'x'.

flood must o'er-whelm you at last! For our ban-ner is rais'd and un-  
gath-er new cour-age and might! For our ban-ner is rais'd and un-  
furled; At your head our de - fi - ance is hurled: Our  
cry is the cry of the A-ges— Our hope is the hope of the World!

3 Whether leading the van of the fighters  
In the bitterest stress of the strife,  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly common-place life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
One aim to attain and fulfil,  
One watchword we cherish to mark us  
One kindred and brotherhood still!  
For our banner is raised, &c.

4 What matter if failure on failure  
Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten,  
The hundred and first wins success!  
Our watchword is "Freedom"; new soldiers  
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,  
Our cry is the cry of the Ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the World!  
For our banner is raised, &c.

## No. 4. Hark! the Battle-Cry is Ringing!

Words by H. S. SALT.

Air—*March of the Men of Harlech.*

1. *f* { Hark! the bat - tle - cry is ring - ing! Hope with - in our  
Tho' we wield nor spear nor sa - bre, We the stur - dy

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff starts with a quarter note G, followed by a dotted quarter note A, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

bo - soms spring - ing, Bids us jour - ney for - ward, sing - ing -  
sons of La - bour, Help - ing ev - 'ry man his neigh - bour,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a mix of quarter and eighth notes, while the bass staff maintains a steady accompaniment.

*p* Death to ty - rants' might!  
Shrink not from the fight! See our homes be - fore us!

The third system introduces a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody in the treble staff includes a measure with a whole note rest, indicated by an 'x'. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment.

Wives and babes im - plore us; So firm we stand in

The fourth system continues the musical progression. The treble staff has several measures with whole note rests, marked with 'x'. The bass staff provides a consistent accompaniment.

heart and hand, And - swell the daunt - less cho - rus:

The fifth and final system of the page concludes the piece. The treble staff features a series of eighth notes leading to a final chord. The bass staff also concludes with a final chord.

## Hark! the Battle-Cry is Ringing. Concluded.

**CHORUS. *f***

Men of La-bour, young or ho-a-ry, Would ye win a name in sto-ry?

Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Jus-tice, Free-dom, Right!

2 Long in wrath and desperation,  
Long in hunger, shame privation,  
Have we borne the degradation  
Of the rich man's spite:

Now, disdaining useless sorrow,  
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;  
Often shines the fairest morrow  
After stormiest night.

Tyrant hearts, take warning!  
Nobler days are dawning;  
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,  
Shall herald Freedom's morning!

**CHO.** Men of Labour, young or hoary,  
Would ye win a name in story?  
Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
God shall help the Right!

### No. 5.

### Life of Ages.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

TUNE—"Noyes", 1704.

1. Life of A-ges, rich-ly poured, Love of God, un-spent and free,  
2. Nev-er was to chos-en race That un-stint-ed tide con-fined:  
3. Breathing in the thinker's creed, Puls-ing in the he-ro's blood,

Flow-ing in the Prophet's word And the Peo-ple's lib-er-ty!  
Thine is ev-ry time and place, Foun-tain sweet of heart and mind!  
Nerv-ing sim-plest tho't and deed, Fresh'ning time with truth and good,

4. Consecrating art and song,  
Holy book and pilgrim track,  
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong  
From the sacred limits back,—

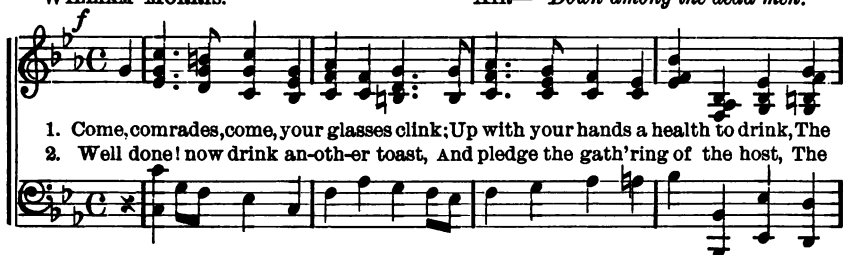
5. Life of Ages, richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free.  
Flow still in the Prophet's word  
And the People's liberty.



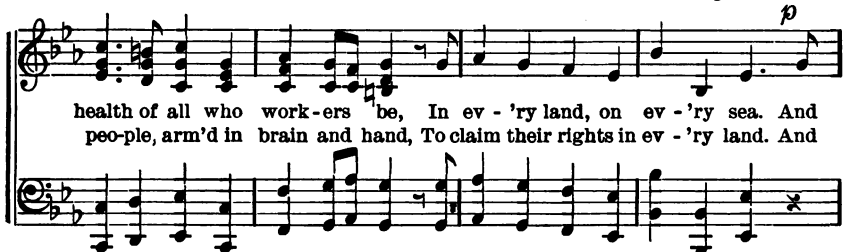
# No. 6. Come, Comrades, Come!

WILLIAM MORRIS.

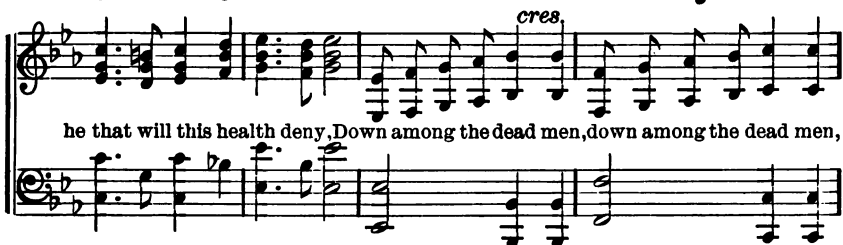
AIR—"Down among the dead men."



1. Come, comrades, come, your glasses clink; Up with your hands a health to drink, The  
2. Well done! now drink an-oth-er toast, And pledge the gath'ring of the host, The



health of all who work-ers be, In ev - 'ry land, on ev - 'ry sea. And  
people, arm'd in brain and hand, To claim their rights in ev - 'ry land. And



he that will this health deny, Down among the dead men, down among the dead men,



Down, down, down, down, Down a - mong the dead men let him lie.

3 There's liquor left; come, let's be kind, 5 The Day? Ah, friends late grows the night;  
And drink the rich a better mind— Drink to the glimmering spark of light,  
That when we knock upon the door, The herald of joy to be,  
They may be off and say no more. The battle-torch of thee and me!

And he that will, &c.

And he that will, &c.

4 Now, comrades, let the glass blush red; 6 Take yet another cup in hand,  
Drink we the unforgotten dead And drink in hope our little band;  
That did their deeds and went away, Drink strife in hope while lasteth breath,  
Before the bright sun brought the day. And brotherhood in life and death;

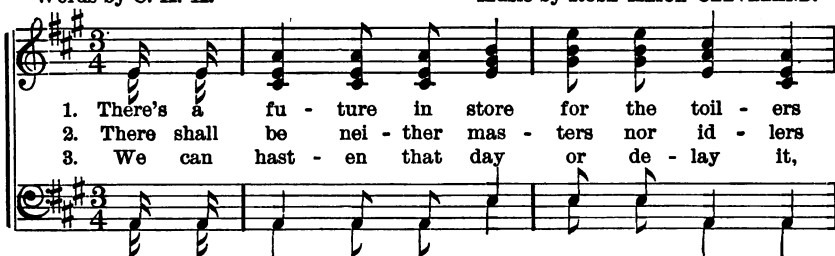
And he that will, &c.

And he that will, &c.

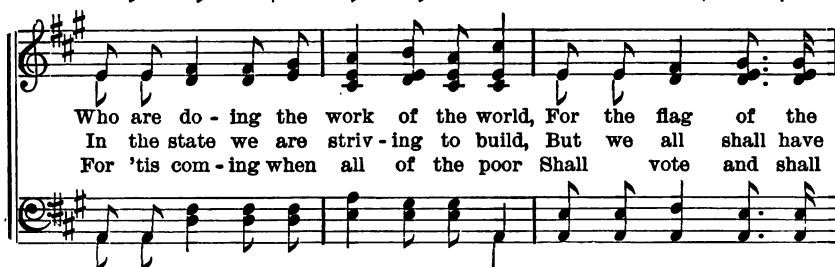
## No. 7. Your Work, my Work.

Words by C. H. K.

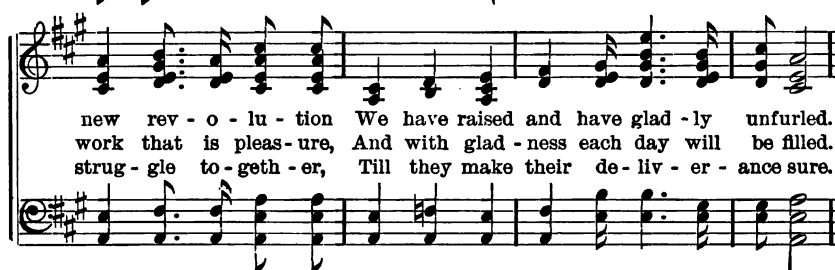
Music by ROSE ALICE CLEVELAND.



1. There's a fu - ture in store for the toil - ers  
2. There shall be nei - ther mas - ters nor id - lers  
3. We can hast - en that day or de - lay it,

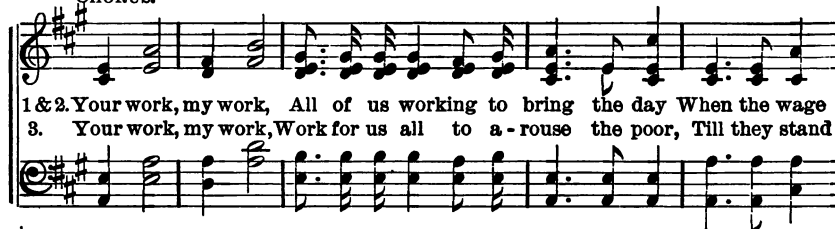


Who are do - ing the work of the world, For the flag of the  
In the state we are striv - ing to build, But we all shall have  
For 'tis com - ing when all of the poor Shall vote and shall

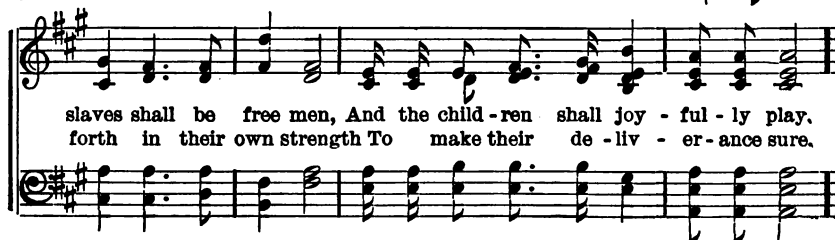


new rev - o - lu - tion We have raised and have glad - ly unfurled.  
work that is pleas - ure, And with glad - ness each day will be filled.  
strug - gle to - geth - er, Till they make their de - liv - er - ance sure.

### CHORUS.



1 & 2. Your work, my work, All of us working to bring the day When the wage  
3. Your work, my work, Work for us all to a - rouse the poor, Till they stand



slaves shall be free men, And the child - ren shall joy - ful - ly play.  
forth in their own strength To make their de - liv - er - ance sure.

## No. 8. The March of the Workers.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

"AIR—John Brown's Body."

*Allegretto.*

1. { What is this the sound and rumour? What is this that all men hear,  
Whither go they, and whence come they? What are these of whom ye tell?

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Like the winds in hol-low val-leys when the storm is draw-ing near,  
In what coun-try are they dwelling 'twixt the gates of heav'n and hell?

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same musical structure and tempo.

Like the roll-ing on of o-cean in the  
Are they mine or thine for mon-ey? will they

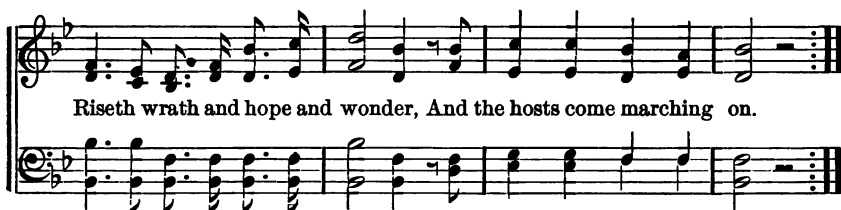
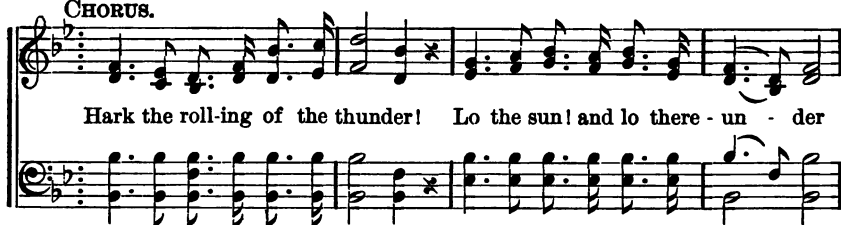
The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment, with the melody featuring some longer note values like half notes.

e-ven-tide of fear? 'Tis the peo-ple march-ing on. }  
serve a mas-ter well? Still the rumour's march-ing on. }

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The melody ends with a final cadence, and the accompaniment provides a steady rhythmic base throughout.

## The March of the Workers. Concluded.

CHORUS.



- 2 Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend toward health and mirth;  
 All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth;  
 Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the bargain what 'tis worth,  
     For the days are marching on.  
 These are they who build thy houses, weave thy raiment, win thy wheat,  
 Smooth the rugged, fill the barren, turn the bitter into sweet,  
 All for thee this day—and ever. What reward for them is meet?  
     Till the host comes marching on.

CHORUS. Hark the rolling of the thunder!  
 Lo the sun! and lo there-under  
 Riseth wrath and hope and wonder,  
 And the host comes marching on.

- 3 Many a hundred years passed over have they laboured deaf and blind;  
 Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find.  
 Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry comes down the wind,  
     And their feet is marching onr  
 O ye rich men hear and tremble! for with words the sound is rife:  
 "Once for you and death we laboured; changed henceforward is the strife.  
 We are men, and we shall battle for the world of men and life;  
     And our host is marching on." CHO.

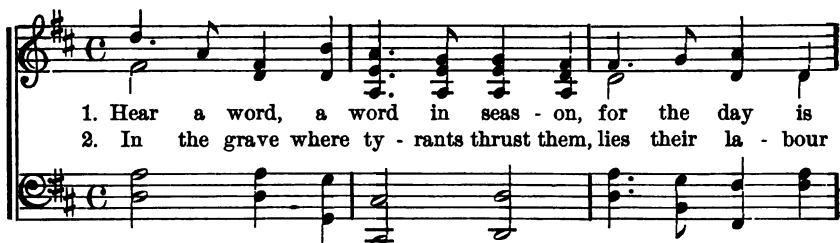
- 4 "Is it war, then? Will ye perish as the dry wood in the fire?  
 Is it peace? Then be ye of us, let your hope be our desire.  
 Come and live! for life awaketh, and the world shall never tire;  
     And hope is marching on."  
 "On we march then, we the workers, and the rumour that ye hear  
 Is the blended sound of battle and deliv'rance drawing near;  
 For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear,  
     And the world is marching on." CHO,

## No. 9.

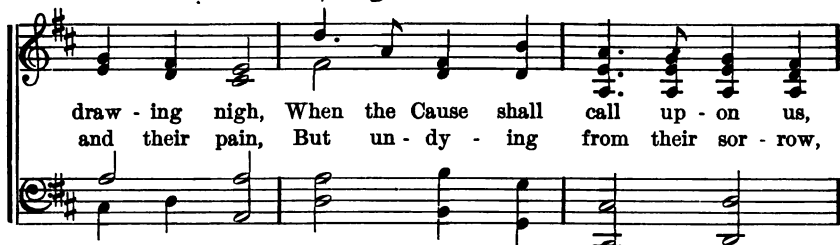
## All for the Cause.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

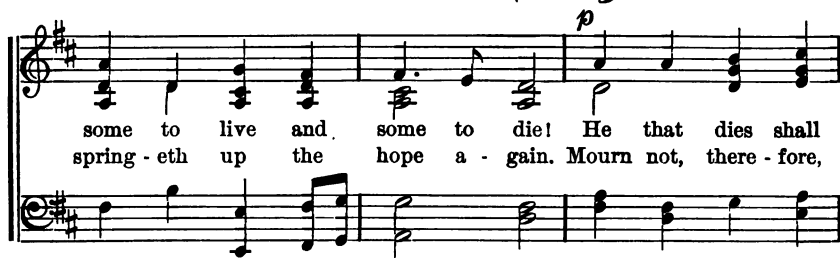
ENGLISH AIR.



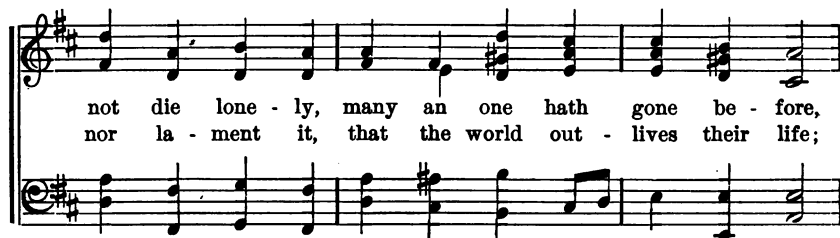
1. Hear a word, a word in seas - on, for the day is  
2. In the grave where ty - rants thrust them, lies their la - bour



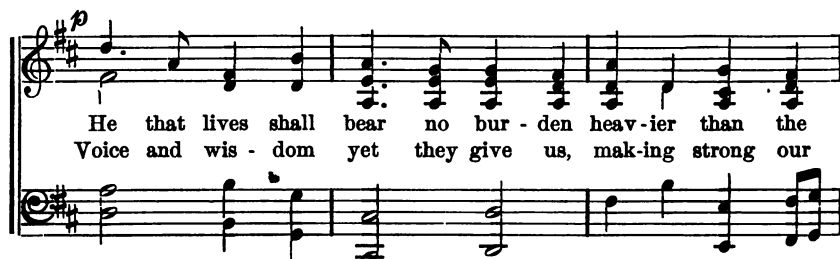
draw - ing nigh, When the Cause shall call up - on us,  
and their pain, But un - dy - ing from their sor - row,



some to live and some to die! He that dies shall  
spring - eth up the hope a - gain. Mourn not, there - fore,



not die lone - ly, many an one hath gone be - fore,  
nor la - ment it, that the world out - lives their life;



He that lives shall bear no bur - den heav - ier than the  
Voice and wis - dom yet they give us, mak - ing strong our

## All for the Cause. Concluded.

The musical score is written for a two-part setting (Soprano and Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'life they bore. Noth - ing an - cient is their sto - ry, hands for strife. Some had name and fame and hon - or,'. The second system continues with: 'e'en but yes - ter - day they bled, Young - est they of learned they were and wise and strong; Some were name - less,'. The third system concludes with: 'earth's be - lov - ed, last of all the val - iant dead. poor, un - let - tered, weak in all but grief and wrong.' The score uses various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, and chords.

life they bore. Noth - ing an - cient is their sto - ry,  
hands for strife. Some had name and fame and hon - or,

e'en but yes - ter - day they bled, Young - est they of  
learned they were and wise and strong; Some were name - less,

earth's be - lov - ed, last of all the val - iant dead.  
poor, un - let - tered, weak in all but grief and wrong.

- 3 Named and nameless all live in us; one and all they lead us yet,  
Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to forget.  
Hearken haw they cry, "O happy, happy ye that ye were born  
"In the sad slow night's departing, in the rising of the morn.  
"Fair the crown the Cause hath for you, well to die or well to live  
"Through the battle, through the tangle, peace to gain or peace to give."
- 4 Ah, it may be! Oft meseemeth, in the days that yet shall be,  
When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth of sea to sea,  
Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the sunlight leaves the earth,  
And they bless the day beloved all too short for all their mirth,  
Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,  
Ere the toil and strife of battle overthrew the curse of gold;
- 5 Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall rise;  
We who once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave and wise.  
There amidst the world new-built shall our earthly deeds abide,  
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of how we died.  
Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we gain or what we lose?  
Fair flies life amid the struggle, and the Cause for each shall choose

# No. 10.

# The Marseillaise.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

*f*

1. Ye sons of toil, a-wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what myriads bid you  
 2. With lux - u - ry and pride surrounded, The vile, in - sa - tiate despots  
 3. Oh, Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen'rous

*mf* *p*

rise! Your chil - dren, wives, and grand - sires ho - ry: Be - hold their  
 dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound - ed, To mete and  
 flame! Can dun - geons, bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy

*f*

tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful  
 vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and air. Like beasts of  
 no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - its tame? Too long the

*mf*

ty - rants mis - chief breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af -  
 bur - den would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - doze; But  
 world has wept be - wail - ing, That falsehood's dagger ty - rants wield; But

fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding!  
 man is man and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
 freedom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing:

## The Marseillaise. Concluded.

To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' avenging sword unsheathe, March on,

March on, all hearts re-solved On vic - to - ry or death!

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a melody on the treble staff and a bass line on the bass staff. The first system includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The piece concludes with a final chord.

## No. 11. Prayer-answer.

MRS. E. D. CHENEY.

AIR—*Mornington.*

1. At first I prayed for Light: Could I but see the way,  
 2. And next I prayed for Strength: That I might tread the road  
 3. And then I asked for Love: Could I but trust my God,

How glad-ly, swift-ly would I walk To ev - er - last-ing day!  
 With firm, un-falt-'ring feet, and win the heav'n's se - rene a - bode.  
 I'd live en-fold-ed in His peace, Tho' foes were all a - broad.

The musical score is in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/2 time. It features a melody on the treble staff and a bass line on the bass staff. The piece concludes with a final chord.

4 But now I pray for Love;  
 Deep love to God and man;  
 A living love that will not fail,  
 However dark his plan.

5 And Light and Strength and Faith  
 Are opening everywhere!  
 God only waited for me till  
 I prayed the larger prayer.



# No. 12. Workers of England.

Words by J. CONNELL.

AIR—*Lillibulero*.

*f*

1. Work-ers of Eng-land, why crouch ye like cra-vens? Why  
 2. Your brains are as keen as the brains of your mas-ters, In  
 3. Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no long-er, As-

clutch an ex-ist-ence of in-sult and want? Why stand to be  
 swift-ness and strength ye sur-pass them by far, Ye've brave hearts to  
 seem-ble in mass-es throughout the whole land: Show these in-

pluck'd by an ar-my of ra-vens, Or hood-wink'd for-ev-er by  
 teach you to laugh at dis-as-ters, Ye vast-ly out-num-ber your  
 ca-pa-bles who are the strong-er, When work-ers and i-dlers con-

*p*

twaddle and cant? Think on the wrongs ye bear, Think on the rags ye wear,  
 ty-rants in war. Why then like cow-ards stand Us-ing not brain or hand,  
 front-ed shall stand. Thro' Cas-tle, Court and Hall, O-ver their a-cres all,

*cres.* *ff*

Think on the in-sults en-dur'd from your birth: Toil-ing in snow and rain,  
 Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone? What right have they to take  
 Onwards we'll press like the waves of the sea, Claiming the wealth we've made,

## Workers of England. Concluded.

Rear-ing up heaps of grain, All for the ty-rants who grind you to earth.  
 Things that ye toll to make? Know ye not, comrades, that all is your own?  
 End-ing the spoil-ers' trade: La-bour shall tri-umph and Eh-g-land be free.

## No. 13. Hymn of the Toilers.

ROSE ALICE CLEVELAND.

AIR—America.

1. O na - tion, strong and great, For thine own hon - or's sake  
 2. Out from the depths of crime, We've tried in vain to climb  
 3. But now, O na - tion strong, To thee must truth be - long,

Hear thou our call; We are thy chil - dren too, From year to  
 Where noth - ing led; When life and jus - tice, asked, Still fur - ther  
 Crown thou the right; We are thy chil - dren still, Work - ing with

year we grew, Si - lent and pa - tient thro' Dark-ness and toil.  
 down were cast, Even sobs were hush'd at last, And hope seem'd dead.  
 might and will, Ne'er rest - ing till we fill The world with light.

# No. 14.

# True Freedom.

Words by J. R. LOWELL.

AIR—*War Song of Druids, "Norma."*

*f*

1. Men whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers brave and free,  
 2. Is true freedom but to break Fet - ters for our own dear sake,  
 3. They are slaves who fear to speak For the fall - en and the weak;

If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru - ly free and brave?  
 And with leath - ern hearts for - get, That we owe man - kind a debt?  
 They are slaves who will not choose Hat - red, scoff - ing, and a - buse,

*p*

If ye do not feel the chain, When it works a broth - er's pain,  
 No! true free - dom is to share All the chains our broth - ers wear,  
 Ra - ther than in si - lence shrink From the truth they needs must think;

*f*

Are ye not base slaves in - deed Slaves un - wor - thy to be freed?  
 And with heart and hand to be Earn - est to make oth - ers free!  
 They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three!

# No. 15.

# What Ho! My Lads.

Words by J. L. JOYNES.

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.

*p*

1. What ho! my lads, the time is ripe, A - way with fool-ish fear!
2. Nor slaves nor kings in all our ranks Shall ev - er - more be found;
3. In our Re - pub - lic all shall share The right to work and play;
4. When Hun - ger holds a harm-less rod, And all lands laugh for glee,

The slave may dread his master's stripe, We'll have no ty-rants here!  
 Else - where the knaves may play their pranks But this is ho - ly ground—  
 The right to scoff at cark - ing care, And drive despair a - way—  
 And none need fear a mas-ter's nod, And all are real-ly free—

*p*

We'll have no tyrants here, my boys, Nor lords to rule the roast; Their  
 But this is holy ground, my friends, Where Freedom's cause is won, Where  
 Drive pov-er-ty a - way, my mates, With struggle, strain and strife: What  
 When all indeed are free, my hearts, And our great Cause is won, Oh,

threats are nought but emp - ty noise, And nought but breath their boast.  
 kings and priests shall make a - mends For all the wrong they've done.  
 use are Par - lia - ments and States With - out a hap - py life?  
 then, when Pov - er - ty de - parts, Will all our work be done.

## No. 16.

## Onward, Brothers.

Words by HAVELOCK ELLIS.

AIR—*Greenville.*

1. On - ward, brothers, march still on - ward, Side by side and hand in hand;  
 2. Old - en sag - es saw it dim - ly, And their joy to madness wrought;  
 3. Still brave deeds and kind are need - ed, No - ble tho'ts and feel - ing fair;

We are bound for man's true king - dom, We are an in - creas - ing band.  
 Liv - ing men have gazed up - on it, Standing on the hills of thought.  
 Ye too must be strong and suf - fer, Ye too have to do and dare.

Tho' the way seems of - ten doubtful, Hard the toil which we en - dure,  
 All the past has done and suf - fered, All the dar - ing and the strife,  
 Onward, brothers, march still on - ward, March still on - ward hand in hand;

Tho' at times our cour - age falt - er, Yet the promised land is sure.  
 All has helped to mould the fu - ture, Make man mas - ter of his life.  
 Till ye see at last Man's kingdom, Till ye reach the Promis'd Land.

## No. 17.

## No Master.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Arr. from LUDWIG SPOHR, (1784—1859.)

1. Saith man to man, We've heard and known, That we no mas - ter need  
 2. And we, shall we too crouch and quail, Ashamed, a - fraid of strife;  
 3. It grows, it grows: are we the same The fee - ble band, the few?

To live up - on this earth, our own, In fair and man - ly deed;  
 And, lest our lives un - tim - ly fail, Em-brace the death in life?  
 Or what are these with eyes a - flame, And hands to deal and do?

The grief of slaves long passed a - way For us hath forg'd the chain,  
 Nay, cry a - loud and have no fear; We few a - gainst the world;  
 This is the host that bears the word, No mas - ter, High or Low.

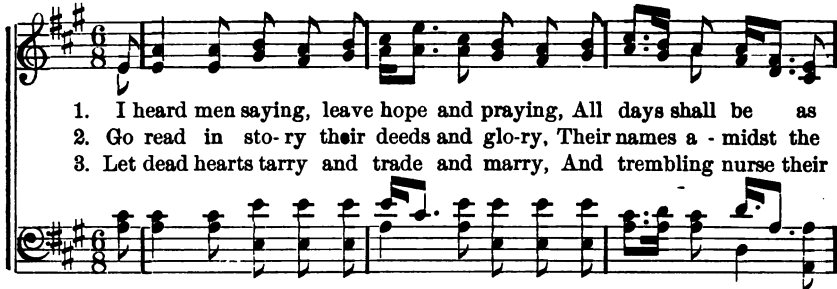
Till now each work-er's pa - tient day Builds up the House of Pain.  
 A - wake, a - rise, the hope we bear A - gainst the curse is hurl'd  
 A light-ning flame, a shear - ing sword, A storm to o - ver - flow.

# No. 18.

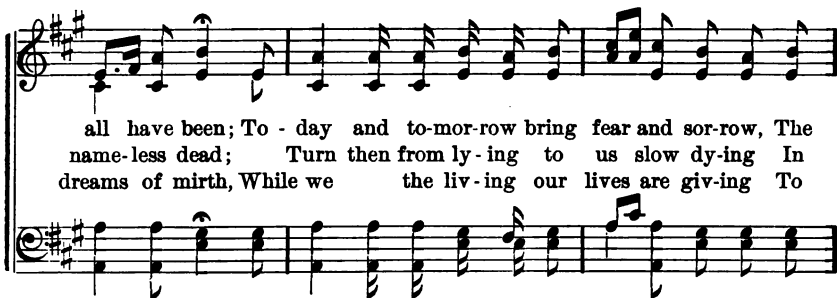
# The Voice of Toil.

W. MORRIS.

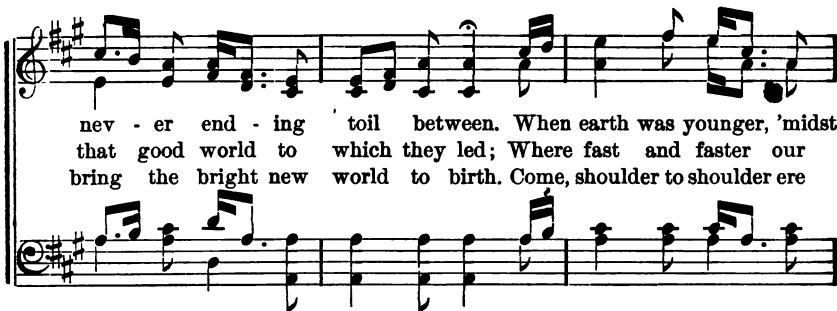
AIR—"Ye Banks and Braes."



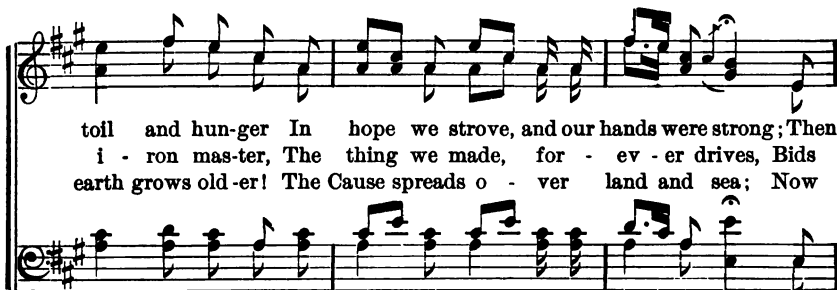
1. I heard men saying, leave hope and praying, All days shall be as  
 2. Go read in sto-ry their deeds and glo-ry, Their names a - midst the  
 3. Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry, And trembling nurse their



all have been; To - day and to-mor-row bring fear and sor-row, The  
 name-less dead; Turn then from ly-ing to us slow dy-ing In  
 dreams of mirth, While we the liv-ing our lives are giv-ing To

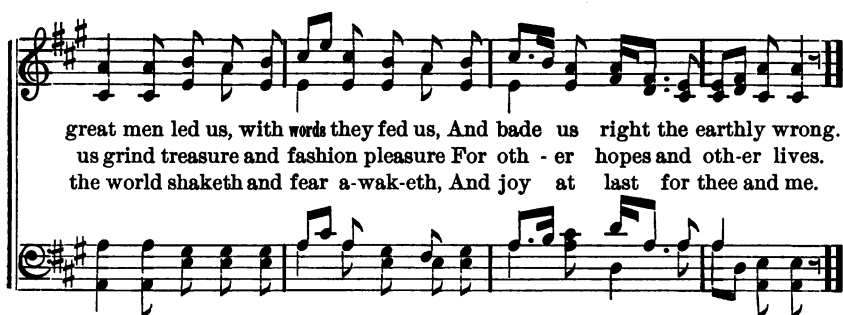


nev - er end - ing toil between. When earth was younger, 'midst  
 that good world to which they led; Where fast and faster our  
 bring the bright new world to birth. Come, shoulder to shoulder ere



toil and hun-ger In hope we strove, and our hands were strong; Then  
 i - ron mas-ter, The thing we made, for - ev - er drives, Bids  
 earth grows old-er! The Cause spreads o - ver land and sea; Now

## The Voice of Toil. Concluded.



## No. 19. The Jubilee of Labor.

HERBERT N. CASSON.

AIR—"Marching through Georgia."

- 1 Raise your voices, comrades, in a loud and hearty song,  
Music is the enemy of tyranny and wrong;  
Melody will help us to be resolute and strong,  
As we are marching to freedom.

### CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll bring the Jubilee,  
Hurrah, hurrah, the workers shall be free;  
So we'll sing in chorus from the center to the sea,  
As we are marching to freedom.

- 2 When Labor is united we shall conquer every foe,  
Right and might are on our side to bring usurpers low,  
God is with the workingman, as every one shall know,  
As we are marching to freedom.

CHO. Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

- 3 We mean to fight for justice and for equity again,  
Long the new Grand Army has been gathering its men,  
Many friends will help us on with ballot, voice and pen,  
As we are marching to freedom.

CHO. Hurrah, hurrah, etc.



# No. 20.

# Toilers, Arise!

Words and Music by E. CARPENTER. (Slightly altered.)

*f*

1. Toil-ers a - rise! the long, long night is o - ver, Faint in the east be-  
2. By your young children's eyes so red with weeping, By their white fa-ces

hold the dawn ap-pear; Out of your e - vil dream of toil and sor-row;  
aged with want and fear, By the dark cit - ies where your babes are creeping,

*p*

A - rise, O toil-ers, for the day is here; From your fields and hills,  
Nak-ed of joy and all that makes life dear; From each wretch-ed slum

*f*

Hark! the an-swer swells, A - rise, O toil-ers, for the day is here!  
Let the loud cry come; A - rise, O toil-ers, for the day is here!

3 Over your face a web of lies is woven,	4 Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers!
Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the	Comrades of danger, poverty and scorn!
ground,	Mighty in faith of Freedom your great
Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen,	Mother!
On its bent back sits Idleness encrowned.	Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn!
How long while you sleep,	Come and swell the song,
Your harvest shall it reap?	Silent now so long:
Arise, O toilers, for the day is here!	Labor is risen!—and the day is here.

# No. 21. Men of the People.

HERBERT BURROWS.

JOSEPH SCHEU.

*f*

1. Men of the peo - ple! you who say That Freedom is your  
2. Too long from fac - t'ry, mill and field, Has come the pa - tient  
3. They claim as theirs your ver - y lives, Your daughters are their

*cres.*

right, Not words but acts we need to - day, Your rul - ers long have  
cry; 'Tis time that they should see you yield A force 'gainst which they  
sport; In rags and starv-ing go your wives, While you are fet - tered

*ff*

held the sway! 'Tis time their pow'r you swept a - way; For  
have no shield: Your words will nev - er make them yield, Their  
by their gyves, And still the lord - ly bish - op shrives These

*ff* *slower.*

Free - dom then u - nite, For Free - dom then u - nite.  
jus - tice is a lie, Their jus - tice is a lie.  
fav - rites of a court, These fav - rites of a court.

4 But toil no more for them, the earth  
Was never meant for drones;  
The selfish pride which springs from birth,  
Give way it must to honest worth:  
Let them not make your life a dearth,  
Nor crush you to the stones.


5 Arouse yourselves and your manhood  
Shall cause all men to sing  
A song at once both glad and good,  
That universal brotherhood,  
Which never yet was understood  
By despot, priest or king.

## No. 22. March, March, Comrades All.



T. MAGUIRE.

ENGLISH AIR.


*p*



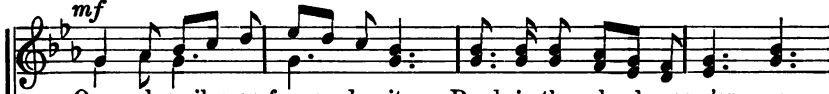
1. March, march, comrades all, On - ward ev - er bold - ly;  
 2. Sweet days, hap - py days, To the men of La - bour;  
 3. Strong, strong, ev - er on, Strong in our hope in - creas - ing;



Heed not the faintling's fall, Nor eyes that on ye look cold - ly.  
 Fair ways, hon - est ways, 'Tween one - self and neighbor:  
 Day - dawn gleams up - on, The cause of our strife un - ceas - ing.



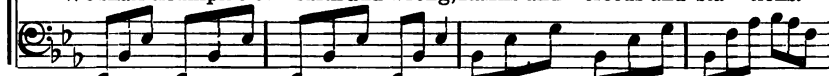
*mf*




Onward, smiles or frowns despite; Dead is the sky hangs o'er ye;  
 These for all men yet shall be, Ere old earth grows cool - er,  
 Lo! we gather a val - iant throng O - ver the world of na - tions;


On - ward from the land of Night, All for the Day be - fore ye.  
 Spite of Par - lia - ment say we, Spite of rogue or rul - er.  
 We shall triumph o'er wealth and wrong, Ranks and creeds and sta - tions.



*f* CHORUS.



March, march, comrades all, On - ward ev - er bold - ly;



## March, March, Comrades All. Concluded.

Heed not the faintling's fall, Nor eyes that on ye look cold-ly.

No. 23.

Day-dawn.

EVELYN PYNE.

J. BERAGUTH.

*Softy.*

1. Ye are wea-ry, O my brothers, And my eyes grow dim with tears,  
2. Thro' the darkness, O my brothers, Ye have toil'd in heav-i-ness;

For your bur-dens wax more heavy With the heav-y-hand-ed years:  
Stint-ing nei-ther soul nor bod-y, Striv-ing for-ward still to press;

Hearken! Hearken! O my broth-ers, Now a sweet new day ap-pears.  
Hearken! Hearken! O my broth-ers, Swift the daylight comes to bless!

3 Young men 'reft of love, my brothers,  
Maiden's beauty worn away,  
Old men sad and sore with labour,  
Children with no time to play;  
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,  
What the grand new time will say!

4 Equal rights it gives, my brothers,  
To the eagle and the dove;  
Right to air and light and knowledge,  
Right to rise your toil above;  
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,  
For this new great Right is Love!

5 Fight; yet pity, O my brother,  
Save the darkened soul that prays;  
Ye were night-bound, grow not hardened,  
Strength is merciful always;  
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,  
Nor grow mad in coming days!

6 Soon the trumpet, O my brothers,  
Will arouse ye for the light,  
And the day must dawn in darkness,  
That shall end in perfect light;  
Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,  
Wrong must ever herald right!

# No. 24. The Day of the Lord.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

*mf Quickly.*

1. The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand! Its storms roll up the  
 2. Gath-er, you, gath-er you, angels of God, Freedom and mercy and  
 3. Who'd sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold, While the Lord of all ages is

sky; The na-tions sleep starv-ing on heaps of gold; All  
 truth; O come! for the earth is grown coward and old; Come  
 here? True hearts will leap at the trumpet of God, And

*p*  
 dream-ers toss and sigh; The night is dark-est be-fore the morn-  
 down, and re-new us her youth. Wis-dom, self-sacrifice, daring and love,  
 those who can suffer can dare, Each old age of gold, was an iron age too,

*cres.* *f*  
 When the pain is sor-est, the child is born, And the  
 Haste to the bat-tle-field, stoop from above, To the  
 And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do, In the

*ff*  
 Day of the Lord at hand, The Day of the Lord at hand.  
 Day of the Lord at hand, To the Day of the Lord at hand.  
 Day of the Lord at hand, In the Day of the Lord at hand.

# No. 25.

# A Harvest Hymn.

JOHN GLASSE.

AIR— *Wir pfluegen und wir streuen.*

*mf*

1. There's light up - on the corn-field, And yel - low grows the grain, The  
 2. The lords have now the vin - tage, The bank - ers claim the corn, The  
 3. A - rise, O downcast toil - er! With sic - kle in thy hand, Two

sum - mer now is o - ver And harvest comes again; The year is crown'd with  
 prod - uce of the farm - er By craft and guile is torn, From both himself and  
 har - vests lie this morn - ing The length of this good land, The one is now be -

glo - ry, The vales with corn are glad, But the reap - er's voice is si - lent, The  
 house - hold, To spend in court and hall; On min - ions and their mas - ters Who  
 fore thee With plen - ty for Thy need; Let the i - dlers reap the whirlwind Of

*rall.*

CHORUS. *f*

farm - er's heart is sad. Cheer up, des - pond - ent workers! When corn and wine a -  
 crowd to hunt and ball.  
 which they've sown the seed.

bound, For those who sow and reap our fields Shall joy.... be found.

# No. 26. The Fatherhood of God.

JOHN JONES.

*Boldly.*

1. Now sound ye forth with trumpet tone, Let all the na - tions fear,  
2. Up - on the sun - ny mountain brow, A - mong the bus - y throng,

Speak to the world the thrill - ing words That ty - rants quail to hear;  
Pro - claim the day for which our hearts Have pray'd and wait - ed long;

*cres.*

And write them bold on Freedom's flag, And wave it in the van,  
The grand - est words that men have heard, Since e'er the world be - gan,

*f*

'Tis the Fa - ther-hood of God, And the broth - er-hood of man,  
Are the Fa - ther-hood of God, And the broth - er-hood of man,

'Tis the Fa - ther-hood of God, And the broth - er-hood of man.  
Are the Fa - ther-hood of God, And the broth - er-hood of man.

## The Fatherhood of God. Concluded.

8

Too long the night of ignorance  
Has brooded o'er the mind;  
Too long the love of wealth and power,  
And not the love of kind:  
Now let the blessed truth be flashed  
To earth's remotest span,  
Of the Fatherhood of God,  
And the brotherhood of man.

4

Oh, ye who trample on the hearts  
And chain the minds of men;  
The sword is shivered in your grasp,  
Broke by the mighty pen,  
And right shall yet prevail, in spite  
Of king or priestly ban,  
By the Fatherhood of God,  
And the brotherhood of Man.

### No. 27.

### Marching Song.

*AIR—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.*

- 1 In our poverty and toil  
Looking out upon the world,  
We can see the gathering armies of the Cause;  
And we feel ourselves a part  
Of the new resistless power,  
That shall sweep away oppression and its laws.

#### CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, you hear us marching,  
Millions now are on the way,  
And our army ne'er shall pause  
Till the right to live is ours,  
And the sun has risen on a fairer day.

- 2 In the shops and in the slums,  
Working, suffering day by day,  
We are making wealth for millionaires to hold;  
But with joy we pledge our faith  
To the cause of all who toil,  
Till the better social order shall unfold.

CHO. Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

- 3 In the days that are to be  
When the Cause we love is won,  
We shall labor for ourselves and for our own;  
Each for all and all for each,  
And through many joyful years  
We shall pluck the fruit that comrades brave have sown.

CHO. Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

CHARLES H. KERR.



## No. 28.

## Rallying Song.

JAMES P. MORTON, Jr.

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

- 1 Come, brothers, raise a hearty song,  
To cheer us on our way;  
The fetters old of hate and wrong  
We cast aside to-day.

### CHORUS.

In bands of Brotherhood we stand,  
Determined to be free;  
That love and justice hand in hand  
May bring true liberty.

- 2 To all the sons of men we call,  
Of every tribe and name;  
The cause of each is that of all,  
The hope of each the same.

CHO. In bands of Brotherhood, etc.

- 3 We need not ask another sphere,  
In realms beyond the sky;  
The reign of love is even here,  
Behold the dawn is nigh!

CHO. In bands of Brotherhood, etc.

## No. 29.

## The Ninety and Nine.

Author unknown

AIR—In "*Gospel Hymns.*"

- 1 There are ninety and nine that work and die  
In want and hunger and cold,  
That one may revel in luxury,  
And be lapped in the silken fold!  
And ninety and nine in their hovels bare  
And one in a palace of riches rare.
- 2 From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms  
And the forest before them falls;  
Their labor has builded humble homes,  
And cities with lofty halls,  
And the one owns cities and houses and lands,  
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.
- 3 But the night so dreary and dark and long  
At last shall the morning bring;  
And over the land the victors' song  
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,  
And echo afar, from zone to zone,  
"Rejoice! for Labor shall have its own!"

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Socialism in the United States.....EUGENE V. DEBS  
The Republican and Democratic Platforms...JOB HARRIMAN  
Some Aspects of the Trust Question...REV. CHARLES H. VAIL  
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Socialists and Anarchists in Italy...DR. ALESSANDRO SCHIAVI

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The Implications of Democracy.....W. H. NOYES  
The Negro Problem.....A. M. SIMONS  
Trusts and Socialism....."MARKIST"  
The Philosophy of Imperialism.....HENRY BOOTHMAN

### November, 1900

The International Congress.....A. M. SIMONS  
Edward Carpenter and His Message...LEONARD D. ABBOTT  
Karl Marx and the Money Question.....N. I. STONE  
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Women in Belgium.....LALLA KUFFERATH  
Civilization—Poem.....ERNEST CROSBY

### January, 1901

The Present Moral Conflict.....J. STITT WILSON  
Decadence of Personal Property in Europe..E. VANDERVELDE  
Evolution and Revolution.....E. UNTERMANN  
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The A. F. of L. Convention.....MAX S. HAYES  
Reply to Mr. Stone.....MARCUS HITCH

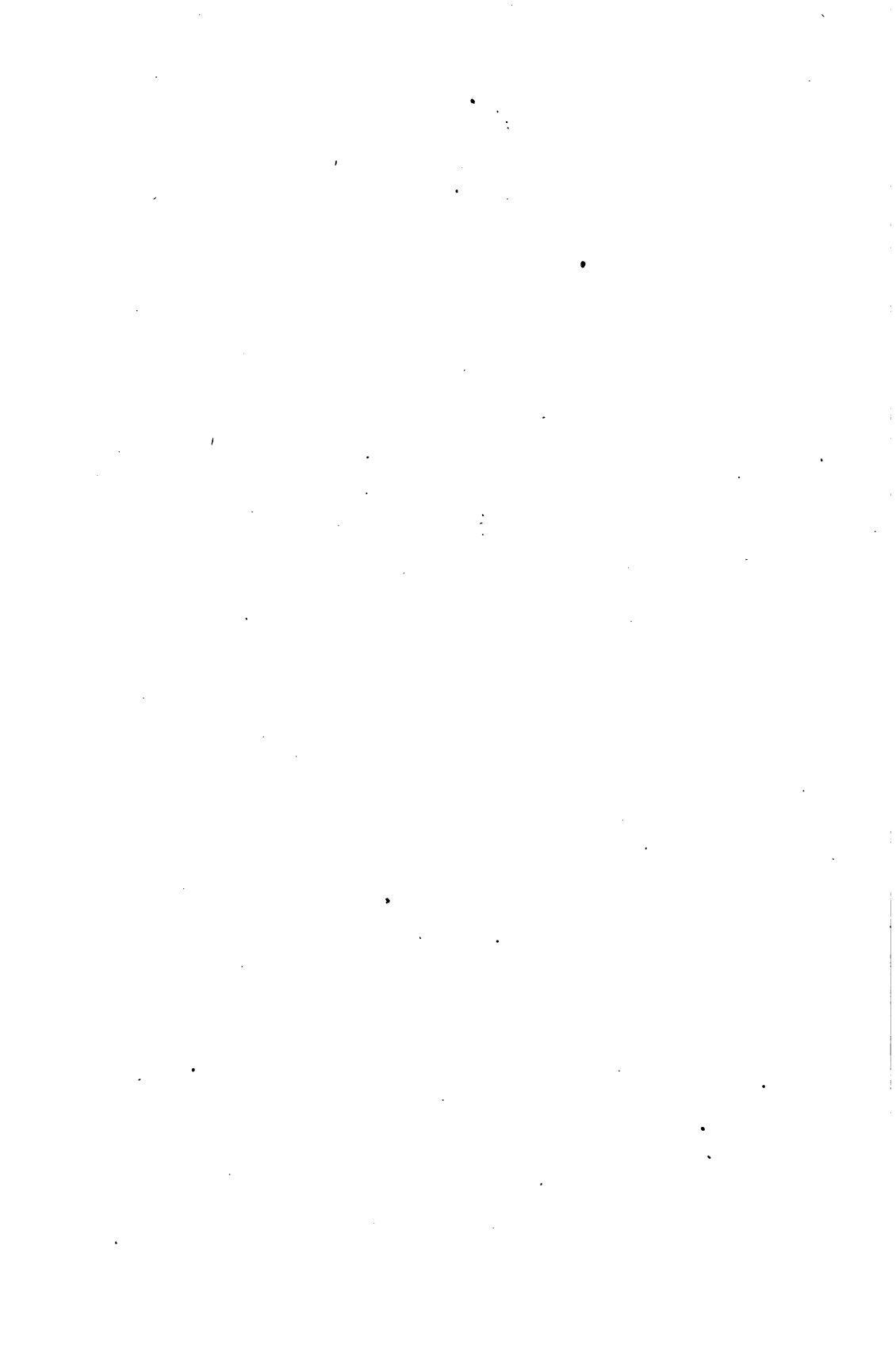
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Correspondence should be addressed to J. A. Roberts, School of Information Systems, University of North Carolina at Charlotte, Charlotte, NC 28223. E-mail: jroberts@uncc.edu

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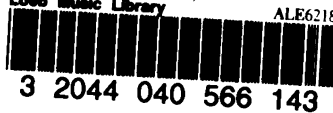






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